

# Faith in the Rest

*by* Sean Brown

We'd been stealing glances at each other over the top of our computers for the last two hours, and I needed to pee. Coffee will do that to you. And so, with one last glance across the café towards her green (or maybe brown) eyes, lit up nicely by the glow of her trendy MacBook, I stood up and made my way to the bathroom. I smoothed the wrinkles from my thrift store button up and walked past her, quickly glancing in her direction and then continuing on, purposely avoiding eye contact. She was looking at me, I could feel it, but I didn't look back. I knocked into the bathroom and flipped on the light, and suddenly the door knocked open again behind me before I had a chance to lock it.

Cutie. In all her green (I think they were green) eyed glory. She gave me a kiss on the cheek and slipped a napkin into my hand, she looked at me expectantly, which caused a problem. I still had to pee. I smiled down at her, and she smiled back, still unmoving. I really had to pee.

"Umm..." I really, really needed to pee.

"Hi"

"Hey...can I catch you in a second...I, umm, you know..." stammer.

"Oh." And she turned and quickly slid out of the men's bathroom.

I peed. It was glorious.

And I thought, so what now? This was interesting and entertaining, and a story we all dream about. But that big fish, now that I'd hooked it, what the fuck now? Was this a girl I could fall in love with? A girl that I could bring back home to the folks in the Midwest? This was definitely a girl I could party with, of that much I was certain. Probably tour Central America and do drugs with. She had the smile of a pixie on mushrooms in a disco ball universe, and I dug her style. But was that enough, and more importantly, did it matter?

Was this a trick from above, this cutie in my bathroom, and what did it all mean? What did she mean barging in there like that, what

did she expect out of this whole thing? What did she want from me!? Did she understand that we could never tell our children how we met?

I washed my hands and turned to exit, taking a deep breath, sorting it all out. I smiled to myself, remembering that I didn't need to have all the answers at this moment, that's not really my style. I'll just take care of myself, and have faith in the rest.

